

THE BARBOUR EX.

VOL. II.

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NO. 6.

OUR HOME-MAKER.

Where the mountains slope to the westward
And their purple chasms hold
New-made wine of sunset
Crimson and amber and gold—
In this old, wide opened doorway,
With the elm-boughs overhead—
Hence all garnished behind her,
And the plentiful table spread—
She has stood to welcome our coming
Watching our upward climb
In the sweet June weather that brought us,
Oh, many and many a time!
Today in the gentle splendor
Of the early summer noon—
Perfect in sunshine and fragrance,
Although it is hardly June—
Again is the doorway opened,
And the house is garnished and sweet;
But she silently waits for our coming,
As we enter with silent feet.

A little within she is waiting,
Not where she has met us before;
For over the pleasant threshold
She is to cross once more.
The smile on her face is quiet,
And a lily on her breast,
Her hands are folded together,
And the words "rest," "rest,"

And yet it looks like a welcome,
For her work is not done in time;
All things are ready and ready,
And her summer is just begun.
It is we who may not cross over;
Only with smiles and good-byes,
A little way into the glory,
We may reach as we leave her there.

But we cannot think of her life;
She must be a home-maker still;
God gives that to the angels,
Who sit at the feet of the Father.
And somewhere, yet, in the hills
Of the country that is so quiet,
She will wait for our coming,
To bid us a welcome again.

HER STORY HEART.

It was on the occasion of a meeting
Of the sewing circle, which was held
That week at Miss Keziah Fletcher's,
That the faithful subject of Mrs. Denton's
recollections was brought up for
about the fortieth time. All the mem-
bers, with the exception of the minis-
ter's wife, were present, and every one
of them had something to say of the
poor woman, whose strange ways had
caused her to become quite a curiosity
in Brierville.

"It's my opinion such people are
best left alone," said Mrs. Prudence
Handall, as she bit off her thread a lit-
tle spitefully.
"She has a disagree to the town
ever since she's lived in it," said Miss
Paulina Cowan. "I must confess that
I haven't any patience with such queer
ways."

"Poor thing! she's seen a sight of
trouble," said Miss Keziah, who was
ever ready to sympathize with the
wretched. "First, her husband died of
delirium tremens—"

"Worthless old sinner! oughter have
been pleased to death to get rid of
him," interrupted Miss Mattie Baker,
throwing her scissors on the table near
her with considerable noise. "You
won't get no pity for her out of that
Miss Keziah."

"Then she lost her two little girls
with scarlet fever," continued Miss
Keziah, unheeding the interruption,
"and only a year later her youngest
child died of the typhoid. She's only one
child left then, and that was her oldest
boy. She set so much store by him. I
remember seeing her look at him once
as if he worshipped the very ground
he trod on, and—"

"That's it," interrupted Mrs. Bliss,
whose husband was one of the "pillars"
in the Methodist church. "She thought
more of him than she did of her salva-
tion, and he was taken from her. That
her heart might be softened."

"But it seems harder than ever,"
said Mrs. Randall. "She won't listen
to words of comfort, nor anything else.
No one can make any impression on
her. Miss Cowan here went to see her
and told her how we were all born to
pass under the rod which chasteneth,
and that her Edgar had been called
from the evil to come. What d'ye think
Mrs. Denton did? She rose up like a
fury and told Paulina she preferred to
be left alone."

"Yes," giggled Miss Cowan, hysteri-
cally. "She'd rather have my room than
my company, any day. Howsoever,
I don't bear her no hard feelings. I
do what I could for her."

"The minister's wife didn't get no
better treatment," said Miss Baker.
"She sat in Mrs. Denton's shanty most
an hour talking of the mysterious ways
of Providence, an' everything bein' for
our good, an' all flesh being grass, and
so on. An' Mrs. Denton, she never
spoke a word for our good; an' she
sat on the sofa with her eyes shut, and
never said good-bye when Mrs. Bounce
went away. Such impudence! An' I
went there too. I didn't want to be
behind the rest of the folks in doin' my
duty. I told her about these afflic-
tions being sent for our good; an' she
must bow her neck to the yoke and her
back to the burden. She laughed at
me! yes, she did just that."

"She wouldn't even see me," said
Mrs. Peckham, a tall, sharp-featured
woman with a sharp tongue. "I saw
her at the window, but she wouldn't
open the door no matter how loud I
knocked. But I scattered tracts all
down the front walk, and I hope they
did her good."

"Miss Keziah, you ain't been, I be-
lieve," said Miss Baker. "We don't go
out; it's time wasted. Her heart's as
hard as a stone."

"No," said Miss Keziah, laying down
her work as she spoke. "I haven't been
to see her. You know I was away to
Helmsford when Edgar had the fever,
and since I've been back my rheumatism
has been that bad I couldn't go any-
where. But now I'm a trifle better, I'll
take my turn."

"What is the use? What can you do?
Have we done everything?" chorused the
other ladies.
"I think I shall ask her to tea," said
Miss Keziah, thoughtfully.

"Ask her tea?" repeated half-dozens
astonished listeners.
"Yes, indeed. You tried that, I be-
lieve," answered Miss Keziah.
"She won't come," said Mrs. Bliss.
"Perhaps not," but all the same, it
won't do harm to ask her."

"I hope you'll try and soften her
heart, and bring her to prayer-meetin'
Thursday night," said Miss Cowan.
Miss Keziah made no answer, but a
peculiar look crossed her homely, good
natured face—a look Miss Pauline did
not quite understand.

"Miss Keziah'll be wise to make no
promises," said Mrs. Bliss. "It stands
to reason that she won't succeed where
all the rest of us have failed. One
might as well talk to a stone as Mrs.
Denton."

Miss Keziah sighed, and bent her
eyes upon her work. She had not
known what suffering was once, and she
known that while sorrow and pain soft-
ens some natures, it hardens and em-
bers others.

Mrs. Denton lived entirely alone on
the outskirts of the village, in a little,
old, weather-beaten house she had
bought when she first came to Bri-
erville, ten years before. Weeds grew
tall and rank in the yard, the sunken
steps leading to the door were half
buried in vines, the well-kept was
broken, the gate fallen to the ground, in
fact, everything about the place spoke
of ruin and decay.

"Not a very cheerful place, cer-
tainly," muttered Miss Keziah, as the
day following the meeting of the sew-
ing circle, she drove up to the Widow
Denton's and hitched her horse to the
tumble-down fence which partially en-
closed the yard. "Now, Hetty, you sit
right still till I come back, and don't
start old Moll."

Hetty was a diminutive niece of
Miss Keziah's, a golden-haired, blue-
eyed child of six years of age, who
had been left to her aunt as the sole
legacy of an only sister.

Miss Keziah walked up the grass
grown path, and knocked boldly on
Mrs. Denton's door.

Before her knuckles had fairly left
the door was flung open by Mrs.
Denton herself, who stood silently re-
garding her visitor, with an expression
of resentment and indignation.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Denton? I'm
Keziah Fletcher. Perhaps you've
heard tell of me before. I was at
Helmsford a considerable spell, and
since I've got back I've been laid up
with the rheumatism, or I would have
called before. I come to see if you'd
take tea to my house to-night. I'll
make you comfortable, an' it'll be a
sort of change for you."

Mrs. Denton made no reply. She
stood staring at her visitor as if she
had not heard her words. Then her
eyes wandered to the gate, and fell at
last upon the spring wagon and its
small occupant, whose golden curls
were escaped from the close sun-bon-
net which shielded her face from the
nocturnal sun.

"Is that your child?" she asked,
abruptly, but without taking her gaze
from Hetty. There was a hungry
yearning look in her eyes as she spoke,
a tremor in her voice, and a certain
earnestness, as if the steadiness of her
old Moll depended entirely upon her.

She went into the house and put on
an old-fashioned straw bonnet and a
faded black merino waist. Then she
asked her maid to bring her a shawl,
and she came out and climbed into the
wagon after Miss Keziah, without
uttering a word.

"You forgot to lock your door," said
the careless spinster, as she took the
reins from Hetty's little hands.
A little smile curled Mrs. Denton's
lips.

"I never lock it," she said; "there
is nothing in the house worth stealing."
The two women jogged along the
quiet country road, with the child be-
tween them, Miss Keziah looking on
indifferently at her kind, sensi-
ble, whole-hearted wife. She did not
allude to her visitor's sorrows, nor did
she mention the visits paid to the lonely
cottage by other members of the sew-
ing circle.

A man took the horse when they
reached Miss Keziah's farm, which was
a mile from the center of the town,
and one of the finest in the country.
It was well cultivated, well stocked
with fruits of various kinds, and its
buildings were all comfortable and
roomy, the house itself being built of
stone, in a substantial, old-fashioned
manner.

Miss Keziah led the way into her
sitting-room, and helped her visitor
take off her bonnet and shawl.

"Have this easy chair, Mrs. Denton,"
she said, with great cordiality, "and
make yourself at home. I've got to see
to supper, but I guess Hetty kin amuse
you a spell. Hetty, mind your good
willie I mean."

She left the room and was absent
nearly half an hour. When she re-
turned Mrs. Denton had Hetty on her
lap and was singing her a fairy story.
The first smile the poor woman had
had for nearly a year, rushed on to
her as she looked up at Miss Keziah's
entrance and said, "She reminds me of
some of my little Bertha. You can't
tell the good it does me just to hold her
in my arms—it does me empty so long."

A deep sigh followed the words.
"I'm glad she hasn't bothered you,"
said Miss Keziah, cheerfully. "But
now come in to tea. I guess you're
pretty well furnished a-waitin' for it."

A sumptuous repast was in readiness.
Broiled chickens, cold ham, light bi-
scuits, apple, grape, and pumpkin pie,
doughnuts, pound cake and cookies,
composed the bill of fare, concluding
with every variety of sweetmeats and
condiments, preserves, pickles, honey
and cheese. Miss Keziah could not
have arranged a better feast had she
been expecting a bishop to tea, instead
of the widow whose story heart she
was to soften.

With a cordial smile the spinster
motioned her guest to seat, and after
putting Hetty in a high chair, reveren-
tly asked a blessing.

"I didn't put up as many kinds of
preserves as usual this year," she ob-
served, as she helped Mrs. Denton to
jelly. "I sent the woman I used to
be to by a long way. Rheumatism do
lay hold on a body so! I'm in bed
on crutches half my time. I calker-
late I'll have to give up the farm if I
don't mend. I did lot on having Jane
here to manage everything for me; but
poor thing, the fever carried her off
all to once, just as she'd got her
that ornery husband o' hers. I'd hate
to give it up though. Jane and me
was both born here, and I never knowed
no other home."

When supper was over the two
women walked about the yard, made a
tour of the garden, and admired the
cows as they came lazily up the
barnyard to be milked. Then Mrs.
Denton remarked that it was growing
late and she must hurry home.

"What's the need of your going?"
asked Miss Keziah. "I've got four
pare rooms, and would be glad if they
were all full. Suppose you stay all
night?"

Mrs. Denton hesitated. She thought
of her lonely, neglected house, peopled
with the ghosts of her dead children,
and contrasted it with this bright,
homelike place, where a child's sweet
voice made music.

"Do stay," said little Hetty, clinging
to the visitor's dress.
This decided the poor, broken-hearted
woman.

"I will and thank you for asking
me, Miss Keziah. I have not deserved
such kindness."

That night after Hetty had gone to
bed, the two women sat and talked in
the large sitting-room, which an open
fire made cheerful and bright.
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speak of her children, all now resting
in their narrow graves in the village
cemetery. She spoke of their uniform
goodness and love for herself, but said
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ABDUL AZIZ'S ASSASSINATION.

How the Turkish Sultan Met His
Fate—A Chapter of Dark Conspiracies.
Copyrighted Letter in New York Tribune.

The inner history of the revolution
of 1776, set forth by the recent dis-
coveries, begins with an intrigue be-
tween Hussein Avni Pasha, the grand
vizier of Turkey, and one of the ladies
of the harem of Sultan Abdul Aziz,
some seven or eight years ago. As
usual in such cases, the secret amour
was discovered after some time. Hus-
sein Avni Pasha was banished, and in
his banishment received information of
the execution of his lady-love, to-
gether with a message from her own
lips to the effect that she chose to die
for his sake.

For the blood of this unhappy
woman Hussein Avni Pasha vowed
vengeance upon Sultan Abdul Aziz.
With Oriental patience he concealed
his wrath and hatred. In due time his
friends induced the sultan to receive
him again into favor. He was made
minister of war, and instantly began
to plot against the sultan. Outside
events favored his enterprise. Europe
was pressing demands for the reform
of Turkey, and a population of Turkey
was plunged in distress by the financial
impolicy of the government, and the
people attributed all their ills to the
extravagance of the sultan. Hussein
Avni Pasha also found ready support
from Nouri and Mahmoud Pashas, the
two most powerful of the grand viziers,
and the discontented victims of an
economy which had curtailed their lists
of perquisites. Others we gradually
drawn into a scheme for deposing Abdul
Aziz, and the purpose was easily accom-
plished.

After the deposition of Abdul Aziz,
some, at least, of the conspirators en-
tered into a plot for a complete change
of dynasty in the empire. It was de-
cided to make a bold stroke; to destroy
the new sultan and all the blood royal,
and to place upon the throne a shrewd
and the discontented victims of an
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